

1926

1947

Pictures
and Sketches
OF
my son

ISAAC SPENCER LONDON Jr.

who died

JANUARY 20, 1947

of Acute Hepatitis

AT THE

Veterans Hospital, Fayetteville

And a Bit of Genealogical Data

Isaac was born August 5th, 1926, Rockingham.
In the Army Feb. 9th, 1945, to Oct. 27, 1945.

(This booklet written and prepared by his father—
I. S. L. Spring of 1947, Rockingham, N. C.)

1926

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This facsimile edition has been prepared by one of Isaac S. London's great-grandsons. His purpose was to assure that the information on the family history contained herein remains available for future generations.

At the time of this writing, I have put all of the information plus additional notes on a website available to all:

WWW.PICTURESANDSKETCHESOFMYSON.COM

I will also be uploading a digital version of this facsimile to the website ARCHIVE.ORG.

I wanted to produce a new printed edition, 64 years after the original publication, because websites can be lost, and the printed page is still the absolute best archival medium.

-Kevin Isaac Slaughter,
Baltimore, M.D., December 2011

When men go down to sea in ships,
'Tis not to the sea they go;
Some isle or pole the mariner's goal.
And thither they sail through calm and gale,
When down to the sea they go.

When souls go down to the sea by ships,
And the dark ship's name is Death,
Why mourn and wail at the vanishing sail?
Though outward bound, God's world is round,
And only a ship is death.

When I go down to the sea by ship,
And death unfurls the sail,
Weep not for me, for there will be
A living host on another coast
To beckon and give "All Hail!"

Never a trial that He is not there;
Never a burden that He doth not bear;
Never a sorrow that He doth not share.
Moment by moment I'm under His care.

Never a heart ache, and never a groan,
Never a tear drop, and never a moan,
Never a danger, but there on the throne,
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.

Never a weakness that He doth not feel
Never a sickness that He cannot heal.
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus my Savior abides with me still.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel,
For hopes that come no more,
Had we never heard the Scripture Word,
"Not lost, but gone before."

For death and life with ceaseless strife
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path of God—
"Not lost, but gone before!"



Private Isaac S. London Jr. at Keesler Field in 1945.
Entered Army Service Feb. 9, 1945, medical discharge
Oct. 27, 1945. (244th AAF Base Unit, Keesler Field).

A Foreword

This booklet of 44 pages is prepared by me in very loving memory of Isaac Jr. It is factual. I have written this data with an eye to the future—information for my children's children and on down through the generations.

Too often one's descendants lose trace of their forebears—their full names, dates of birth and deaths. Here is our family data.—Isaac S. London, June, 1947.

ISAAC SPENCER LONDON Jr. DIED JANUARY 20, 1947, OF ACUTE HEPATITIS IN THE VETERANS HOSPITAL, FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

**Was 20 Years Old. In Army 9 Months.
Two Major Kidney Operations in 1945,
and Another Kidney Operation in 1946.**

Funeral Held from Episcopal Church at
Rockingham Jan. 22nd. His mother, the
Former Lena Everett who Died in 1939,
is Buried in Eastside Cemetery with Him.

Isaac Spencer London Jr., died at 7:15 o'clock Monday night, January 20th, 1947, in the Veterans Hospital at Fayetteville, where he had been a patient since January 11th when he was taken ill while at his studies as a Freshman at the University.

Isaac was in his 21st year — born Aug. 5, 1926.

He died from effects of Acute Hepatitis—a virus infection of the liver no doubt brought on or influenced by a weakened condition of his kidneys due to two major operations in the summer of 1945 while in the Army and another major operation in August, 1946.

(Isaac died Monday night, Jan. 20th. I wrote this and the succeeding story of his death and funeral early Wednesday morning at home, several hours before the funeral. There has been no charges, no alterations—this type just as originally written in the stress of such a time. Isaac S. London).

And now to continue:

After an autopsy at the Veterans Hospital early Jan. 21st, which his father readily agreed to in hopes of assisting medi-



cal science in helping the life of some other lad similarly afflicted, his remains were brought to Rockingham to the home of his father.

The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 22nd at 3 o'clock from the Episcopal church, of which he was a very devoted and loyal communicant. The minister was Rev. Ralph Bridges, rector of the Church. Rev. Howard Hartzell was to have assisted, but was detained by a death in his own congregation at High Point. Mr. Hartzell was Ike's first rector and baptized him and was a long-time friend of the family.

Just before the funeral party left for the church, a brief prayer was said by Rev. B. B. Slaughter with the family beside Ike's casket.

And then to the church.

The church was much more than filled with kindred and friends. The vested choir, of which he was a member in years past, sang hymns he liked—and appropriate to such a young fellow. "Onward, Christian Soldier," "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus," and "Jesus Tender Shepherd Hear Me." This last little hymn was sung by him so many times as a little boy in Sunday School—for after all he was in spirit, if not in years, just a little boy grown up.

The pall-bearers were Bernard and Clem Wright of Greensboro, Jack and Henry Jerome of Pittsboro—his four first cousins; Everett Henry of Lumberton, Crawley Cash of Blacksburg, Fred Patterson and Jack Rohleder of Rockingham.

The flowers were in profusion. so many designs, lovely—from friends, and kindred, from the Sans Souci club, from the faculty of the schools here, the Am-



IKE AT AGE ABOUT 7

erican Legion and others.

Interment was in a new plot in Eastside cemetery—on the level section midway between New and Old Eastside. And the grave was covered with flowers and part of them, together with the lilies on the church altar, were carried afterwards to the little Everett cemetery on Le-Grand street, where lie buried his maternal grandparents and mother—she died Jan. 9, 1930, just 17 years ago.

The benediction was not said until the grave had been filled, and all details completed—the U. S. Flag that covered the casket presented to his father, and the last rites ended, and the finale with Mr. Bridges reading that lovely "Father, in Thy Gracious Keeping, Leave We Now Thy Servant Sleeping."

And that ended the mortal phase of a fine young lad; but his memory will remain fresh and sweet with his family and

with countless young boys and girls—now young men and women, who were his associates and loved him, and in turn were loved.

This story about Ike is written by his father—by me, if you pardon the personal. And to you friends from away who are interested, you might turn to my Glimpses (Page 13) for further reference to him.

For after all, this closes his chapter, the last page in the book, the finis. And I drop a tear, but with it a smile, to a boy I loved, and who loved me, who was ever considerate, thoughtful and devoted — and who never in all his 20 years gave me one moment's concern or trouble. And again I ask you readers to bear with me in this rather unusual editorial or reportorial freedom; but then you know me, and you knew young Ike.

Now so much for that.

Perhaps a brief review of his life may interest you.

Sketch of Isaac London Jr.

Isaac Spencer London Jr., was born in Rockingham Aug. 5, 1926, son of Isaac S. London and the late Lena Everett London. She was born Aug. 10, 1891, and died Jan. 9, 1930, and is buried in the little Everett cemetery on LeGrand street, beside her parents, Secretary of State W. N. and Lena Payne Everett.

(Lena was moved Jan. 29, 1947, from the Everett little cemetery to Eastside cemetery to be beside Isaac; 17 years apart but now re-united).

Ike attended the Rockingham schools. He automatically became a member of the Episcopal church,

On Feb. 27, 1944, he stood the physical examination at Charlotte for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserves, and Major James Wheless gave him the oath March 8th. This was before he was 18 years old. On Feb. 9th, 1945, at the age of 18½ he was ordered to report to Ft. Bragg for active duty, and he and his life-long young friend, Fred Patterson, went there together, and remained together for several months — Fred is one day older than Ike.

The two boys were shipped out of Ft. Bragg Feb. 16, 1945, to Keesler Field.

In late June he and Fred were transferred from Keesler Field to the air base at Harvard, Nebraska, but allowed to come by Rockingham — a delayed-in-transit leave. He reached home June 24th. For several days before leaving Keesler, he complained of a hurting in his side.



"Aunt" Pat and baby Isaac and Ada McLaurin and baby LeGrand Everett 3rd, same ages. (LeGrand 12 days older than Isaac).

This continued after he got home, and by the morning of June 27th, he had much pain and fever. I at 10 a. m. that morning carried him to the hospital at Camp Mackall to Capt. Reiff. He continued to grow worse and it was quickly evident that he had euremia—a poisoning from his kidneys. On July 6th he was transferred to the Regional hospital at Ft. Bragg, 40 miles distant with his NPN registering in the 'eighties. The physicians tried to unstop the stone evidently blocking the ureter but could not; and so on July 16th Major Howard Mays operated on the left kidney and removed the stones. Barely six weeks later, he again operated, this time on the right kidney, which proved to be very small, or an infantile kidney, and removed stones. After these two operations he mended nicely, and was able to leave the hospital Oct. 27th, with his discharge.

He came home for a few days, then registered and entered the



Front yard at Home
Easter of 1943.

University at Chapel Hill on Nov. 1st, (1945), as a freshman.

He remained at the University until the end of the term June 5th, (1946), and came home. For much of that summer, he spent visiting around, and at the beach. On Aug. 20th he went to Blacksburg to visit Crawley Cash. But he felt feverish down there, and his side hurt him, so much so that he came home Aug. 27th. On Aug. 28th, at 6:30 a. m., I found he had temperature of 104. I at once called Walter King and he carried him to the Veterans hospital at Fayetteville. This was Aug. 28th, 1946.

On Aug. 29th Dr. Emery Huth, noted Urologist at the VA, phoned me that it was imperative he operate at once. He did so the afternoon of Aug. 29th, and it was quite a serious operation. Dr. Huth and Dr. Rachlin found that his left kidney was not only much enlarged, but badly abscessed; the surgeons debated during the operation as to removing that affected kidney, but simply could not, because the right kidney was too small to sustain the body alone. So they removed the new stones in left kidney and sewed him up—and as Dr. Huth told Betty and me right after the operation, "we have done all that surgery can do—the rest is in the hands of God."

For a week he appeared to be getting better, and was, but just one week after the operation, on Thursday night, Sept. 5th, the abscesses in his kidney perhaps sloughed into a vein, for a terrific hemorrhage developed and for two hours the boy was at the point of death. I was phoned, and Billy Everett and I got there by midnight;

but by then, the flow had been stopped. An Orderly, with Type O blood, was kept in an adjoining room for four days and nights, awaiting to give a transfusion whenever the time seemed right.

Well, Ike weathered this storm—this third major operation. And still kept his chin up and good cheer.

He was discharged from the Veterans Hospital—a marvelous institution, with the best doctors, finest nurses and white and colored attendants that we could possibly wish for — on Oct. 11th, 1946.

He came home Oct. 11th, and stayed around here until Jan. 3rd, just three weeks ago, when he returned to the University hopeful of an uninterrupted period of study—taking up Business Administration course of 4 years, with the idea of coming back to Rockingham and helping me with the Post Dispatch—and eventually running it after I play out.

But this was not to be.

Previous to returning to Chapel Hill Jan. 3rd, he spent November and December here and there—and took up flying, under tutelage of Lieut. Baxter Slaughter, his brother-in-law, and Foy Barwick, and soloed and secured his pilot's license. He in December made solo flights to New Bern, Charlotte and Chapel Hill—and the week before Christmas flew to Fayetteville, and went out to this same Veterans Hospital to pay a pop call upon Dr. Huth, and the other doctors, nurses and Attendants — and especially Miss Rachel Austin, one of the nurses who was so kind and helpful to him in his operations.

Little did he think then that in three weeks he would be back

as a patient.

He had got settled in his college work, when on Jan. 9th he began running a temperature; he thought it might be a touch of flu, and on Jan. 10th went to the University Infirmary. The next day, Saturday, Jan. 11th, at 4:15 p. m. Doctors Morgan and Hedgepeth phoned me that Ike was in the Infirmary with a high fever and a pain in his side. I told them to rush him immediately in an ambulance to the Veterans Hospital at Fayetteville. I liked — and like, that institution; it is a great place, 100% efficient. I am even now perfectly satisfied with everything they did for him.

Well, the ambulance got him to the VA at Fayetteville early Saturday night. I drove there next day, Sunday, and was greeted by him with "what you doing here? I'm not sick." (Always the same old boy, minimizing any of his own troubles).

By Sunday he was quite yellow, showing Jaundice. The doctors said this could be clear-



ed up within three weeks, unless complications should develop.

But we now know from the first it was Acute Hepatitis—no doubt the liver finally giving way from the severe beatings the kidneys had received from those three operations.

The Jaundice, and Toxemia could have been thrown off perhaps had his kidneys been healthy and strong.

On Thursday, Jan 16th. Payne and Bettie and I went to Fayetteville to see him. He was feeling pretty good, and was making Poppies (to be sold on May Day). He said he would soon be out and back in college; just before we three left him that Thursday afternoon, he impressed me to phone his beloved friend, Mrs. A. McCullen (who will be 86 Oct. 3rd and who he visits every Sunday when he is here) that the reason he hadn't written her since Jan. 3rd was because he was so busy getting down to his studies.

Well, we came home feeling

good about him.

(On the first two trips, Betty, my wife, could not go as she was kept at her duties at the high school, where she teaches the Commercial courses).

But next day, Friday, Jan. 17th, at 12:30 I had a wire from the Veterans Hospital that he was in a critical condition. The Toxemia had progressed and simply had slowly but surely enveloped him so that by the time Payne, Bettie and I got to the hospital in late afternoon, he was in a semi-coma. However, he roused when we spoke to him and knew us. At this time he was bothered with hiccoughs; and the only relief was to use a gas-mask with carbon dioxide on him for ten-minute periods. Payne and Bettie came home that night. I remained in the hospital with him.

Next day, Saturday, he was in a more profound coma. X-Rays were taken to make sure there were no stones in kidneys or gall-bladder; they were clear as well as his chest; but the Toxemia continued, and worse. However, at noon Saturday he roused when Rev. Ralph Bridges, his rector, came to see him, and murmured his name. Again at dusk, when the regular intra-venous injections of glucose, etc. were being given him, he roused for a moment and saw me and said, "what you doing here, daddy?" and lapsed back into his coma.

Sunday he was in an even more profound coma. At noon Betty, Payne, Bettie and Wm. Everett and Ed Hurst came. It was realized then that the Toxemia had gotten the best of him. William Everett remained with me; the others returned to Rockingham in late afternoon.

Next day, Monday, Betty,



Soldiering at Keesler Field
Spring of 1945.

Payne, Bettie, Baxter returned to hospital prepared to remain. We realized it was a matter of hours. Nothing that doctors and attentive nurses could do, was left undone. Especially attentive were Dr. Huth, Dr. Rachlin, Dr. Herman, Dr. Ben Stands, Dr. Earl Holt, Dr. J. D. Bradshaw, the colored Attendants, the three Brown brothers, Orderly Ellis, Chief of Nurses Miss Bradford, Miss Austin, Miss Squires—and lastly, Miss Mary Neill who despite the fact Monday afternoon that her eight-hour stretch was over at 3 o'clock, so willingly stayed on for four hours—until the end. He gradually weakened, his life sapped by deadly Hepatitis. With all of us in his room and outside his door—me, Betty, my three children and their hus-

bands, we waited and prayed and Isaac left us.

This was at 7:15.

And we came home. But we left with the hospital, and Dr. Huth, our full permission for them to next morning hold an autopsy on him, in the hope that possibly something might be learned about his kidney and liver conditions that would help in operating or treating some other boy, and save his life.

And they brought Ike home to Walter King last Tuesday afternoon, then at 8:30 to our house and left him with us. Scores of friends came to call. neighbors sent food, scores of designs, all lovingly and truly appreciated. Ike would have loved them all—he looked so fresh and life-like, a smile, all dressed in the clothes he liked best—his brown sport coat and pea-green trousers — the ones he wore to the dance here Dec. 31st when he was full of life, and hope and the joy of living.

And that's all, folks.

Again, I beg your patience in this rambling sketch or story. It is written in my room in the early morning hours of Wednesday. Friends and more flowers are coming in, over a hundred telegrams; and I shall end this by dressing and going back into the parlor, again a look at my partner and son. Ike, and on and on. But Ike will remain fresh in our memory, and ever dear in our hearts. A nice boy.

Oh, yes, I forgot to say who he is survived by. How stupid of me. His father (me), his step-mother, the former Betty Thomasson married Dec. 20, 1941; his older brother, Wil-



Isaac London Jr., in U. S. A. Army 244th AAF Base Unit at Keesler Field summer 1945.

He was 18 then.

liam Everett London of Raleigh, his two sisters Mrs. Ed. W. (Payne) Hurst and Mrs. Baxter (Bettie) Slaughter. And also not only four aunts and an uncle on his father's side, but a very devoted aunt on his mother's side, Mary Louise Wright (Mrs. T. Bernard) and an uncle Billy Everett.

And by three young nephews and 2 nieces—Barbara, Eddie, Everett, Paynie and Baxter.

Isaac was very much attached to these five young nephews and nieces.

Many friends and kindred came from various parts of the State to the funeral of this clean-cut, likeable young fellow; they all liked him, and, as the Poet said,

"To know him was to
love him,
To name him, is
to praise."

A Poem on Father's Day.

Isaac Jr. wrote the following "poem" to his daddy for Father's Day, when he was EIGHT years old:

"Father's day is here at last,
And it is not such a task
To write a poem to you.

You are a dream, a dream
that came true:
A dream I love more than
any other love too."

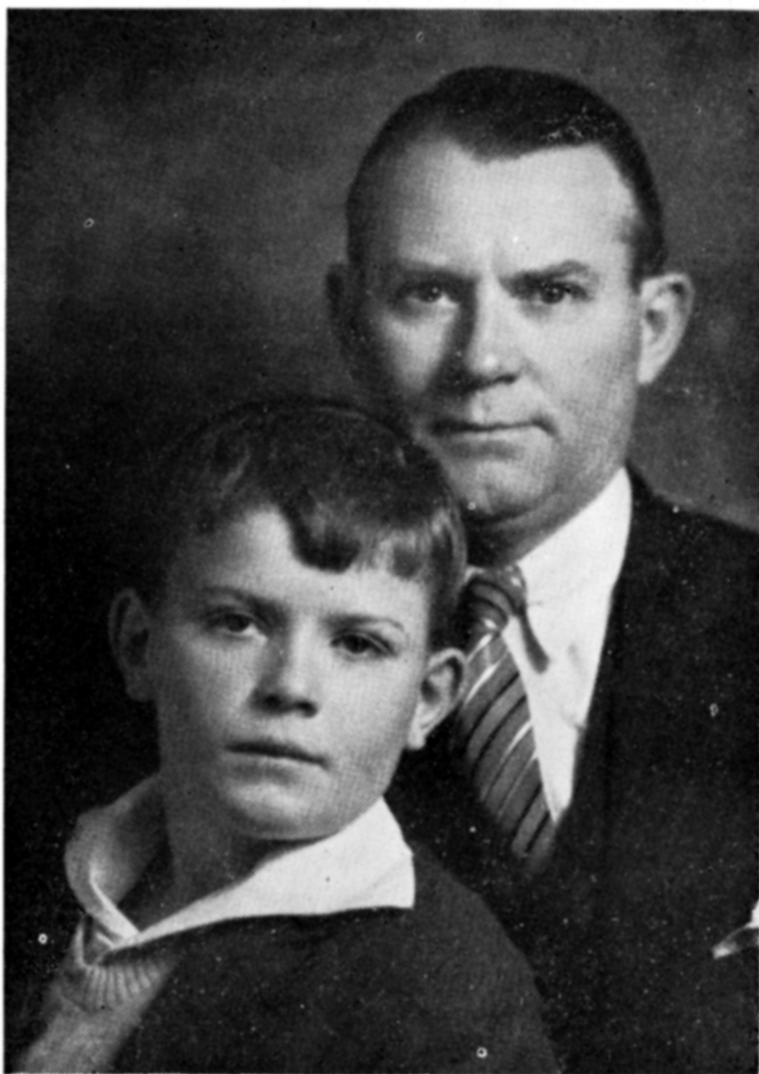
Written by Isaac London Jr.
A poem to Isaac London father of Ritter.



Major Henry A. London of Pittsboro in War Between the States, 18, in January, 1865; entered C. S. A. Dec. 1864 in Co. I, 32nd Reg't. Grandfather of Ike.



"Aunt" Pat Leak, who began work in the London home in 1926, and still going strong. About 66 now.



Father and Son

PICTURE MADE IN ROCKINGHAM ABOUT 1933.

At time picture was made, Isaac Sr. was
47 and Isaac Jr., was nearly 7.

Dr. FRANK P. GRAHAM, President University:

"He was dear to the University for his own worth and generous spirit, but also in addition doubly dear because of all that the Londons and Everetts had meant to his Alma Mater and to our State. . . . I was deeply touched by the beautiful sketch of his life. . . . When I read your own story of your own son I thought of William Allen White's appreciation of his daughter who died in the springtime of her beautiful life."

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ISAAC S. LONDON, Editor-Proprietor

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GLIMPSES--ON THE CUFF

Brevities About This n' That.

Issue of Jan. 22, 1947

A Word Personal

(Glimpses in Post-Dispatch Jan. 22, 1947)

For the past week I have been out of the office, and have depended upon the very fine co-operation of my fellow-workers to carry it on.

Many of you readers have been most kind in recalling the sickness of my son Isaac. Well, he is gravely ill again—this item is written at the Veterans hospital at Fayetteville Sunday afternoon Jan. 19th, 1947.

Briefly, Isaac will be 21 next Aug. 5th. He entered the Armed Service Feb. 9, 1945. While in training at Keesler Field, he developed kidney stones. He was being transferred to Nebraska air base June 25th, 1945, when he came by Rockingham, and on June 26th had a high fever and pains in his side. I carried him to Camp Mackall June 27, 1945. Eremia followed, and on July 6th he was moved to Ft. Bragg. On July 16th Major Howard Mays operated on the left kidney, and removed several stones. Then six weeks later, on Aug. 28th, he operated on the right kidney and removed some stones. This right kidney was found to be a very small, or infantile, kidney. He made fine recovery and was discharged from the Ft. Bragg hospital Oct. 27th, 1945. He entered the University a week later as a Freshman.

He enjoyed his studies at Carolina—his main regret being that his kidney operations prevented him trying for the



Lena Payne Everett London

Born Aug. 10, 1891.

Died Jan. 9, 1930.

Married to Isaac S. London November 16th, 1915.

“O, Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen.”



Isaac Spencer London Sr.

Born Dec. 11th, 1885

PAYNE LONDON HURST, in letter 3-7-1947:

“Each night when the stars are out, Eddie and I go on the porch and look at Isaac’s star. His is the biggest and brightest in the whole sky. Eddie says Isaac’s twinkles at him, and I tell Eddie that’s the way Isaac talks to us now.”

NELL BATTLE LEWIS, of Raleigh:

“I feel now about death that it is only the door to longer, fuller, freer life—truly “mors fanua vitae.”

football team (he is 5.11 and weighs 185 pounds).

In the summer of 1946, he visited around, but again developed high fever and pain Aug. 27th. On Aug. 28th I sent him to the Veterans Hospital at Fayetteville—a truly great medical center. Dr. Emery Huth, Dr. S. A. Rachlin and Dr. Ralph Eaker at once decided that an operation was imperative, and operated next afternoon, Aug. 29th; the surgeons found his left kidney badly abscessed but could not remove it because the right kidney was too small to operate alone. A week later the abscesses broke a blood vessel and Isaac came near passing out for a couple of hours until they could stop the hemorrhage. Well, he got well and left the hospital Oct. 11, 1946. For the rest of the fall he took things easy at home, and took up flying—from Lieut. Baxter Slaughter of New Bern, and from Foy Barwick here, and made a number of flights to various towns alone.

On Jan. 3rd he registered again at the University, 305 Manly Dormitory, and was just getting into his studies when on Jan. 9th he developed a fever and pain in his side, and went to the University Infirmary Jan. 10th; he thought he had flu. The Infirmary physicians the next afternoon, Jan. 11th, realizing his past medical history, decided to phone me of his illness. I at once directed that they send him in an ambulance to the Veterans hospital at Fayetteville—I repeat, a truly great institution.

The next day, Sunday, it was apparent that he had a liver infection — a virus infection of the liver, as yellow jaundice had appeared. Thursday, Jan. 16th he was bright and feeling comfortable with no indications of any really serious trouble. But the virus was working—and next day, Jan. 17th, the hospital wired me that he was in a critical condition. I came back to the hospital at once and of course have been with him ever since. Gradually the Hepatitis spread had enveloped him, so much so that next day, Saturday, Jan. 18th, he was conscious at rare intervals. Sunday, Jan. 19th, he was in a deep coma—and that is where he is as this is being written at the hospital.

By the time this is read, he may have succumbed: I pray that he may be better. I have gone into details in this Glimpses, for Isaac Jr., has many friends and they are interested in him. He is a clean, fine young fellow, and I prize him dearly—a devoted son but really a good friend and companion to me. They make few such lives; good luck, Senny—I.S.L.

Since the above was written at Fayetteville on Sunday, Isaac has died. He passed away at the Veterans Hospital at 7:15 Monday night—without regaining consciousness, from a toxic condition that had sapped his life-blood. And since this is still written in a very personal way, I might add that my three other children and myself gladly acquiesced in the request of the Surgeons at the hospital that they be permitted to hold an autopsy—to determine more fully just why and what. We felt and feel that perhaps something may have been found by this examination that would

help some other boy in the future, and maybe the means of preserving his life. And this would have been Isaac's wish could he have been consulted. Yes, a nice, good boy is gone—a clean-living young lad, and a devoted son and brother. He would have been 21 this Aug. 5th.

GLIMPSES COLUMN

ISSUE OF JAN. 29, 1947

A final word: just to say thank you to the many who sent flowers for Isaac Jan. 22nd, and your letters and cards; he was an appreciative boy, and would be the first to thank you, too, were he with us.

And one more personal word: we the first of this week had Isaac's mother, the former Lena Everett, who died Jan. 9, 1930, when he was 3 1-2 years old, moved from the Everett little cemetery on LeGrand street, over to Eastside cemetery beside Isaac, so that their graves could be close together. This met with the full approval of my children, my wife Betty, Mary Louise and Billy; and is but carrying out the wish expressed by Isaac barely a month ago.

I like to look back upon Isaac as a lad; recall when he was six and had been to school but a few days; he came home beaming. "What you so happy about, Isaac?" I was sure the teacher had paid him a big compliment; and she had, maybe. "Teacher says I'm a nice boy, but don't know much," and he was quite happy over it. So was I.

Thelma Wheeler, wife of Tom, and a former teacher, told me this of him; she had Isaac in a grammar school class here. Isaac found out about her birthday, and brought to school a bunch of jonquils for her. "There's one for each year," he told her. She counted them; "why, there are 45 and you know I'm not nearly that old," joked Thelma. "Yes," said Isaac, "but we wanted some for good measure."

You know, after all, it is to laugh—in most everything in life; and he enjoyed this column of mine—tho' I admit he often said "corn-ey" about some of my so-called jokes; and probably would about this one,

Old Uncle Zeke had been working industriously with a stub of pencil and some paper. Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a shout.

"Mandy," he cried, "doggoned if I ain't learned to write."

Mandy looked at the scrawled lines.

"What do it say?" she asked.

"Can't tell," said Uncle Zeke, "I ain't learned to read yet."

WILL OF ISAAC S. LONDON JR.

The following Will of Isaac Jr., was written by him Oct. 29, 1946, and brought by him to me to my office that morning in an unsealed envelope. He had just gotten out of the Veterans hospital Oct. 11th (operation Aug. 29, 1946). The Will is typical of Isaac — so human, so boy-like, so cheerful, so un-afraid, so thoughtful of others (as Carl Goerch expressed it in his "State" of Feb. 8th). Anyway, here it is: exactly like he wrote it.—I. S. L.

Last Will and Testimony of Isaac S. London Jr.

Oct. 29, 1946

To who it may concern,

I, Isaac S. London Jr., in sound mind wish to make this my last will and testimony. Guess I shall die a poor speller as which I lived.

To my father I leave all of my money, insurance, stock, and love. In the event that I out live my beloved father I would like for my money, insurance and stock to be divided up between Payne London Hurst, Hamlet, N. C., William London, 117 West Edenton, Raleigh, N. C., Bettie London Slaughter, New Bern, N. C. Everything I own shall go to my brother and sisters in the event of my death EXCEPT \$100 (one hundred American dollars) which will be given to Aunt Pat our loving cook. In the event of her death the money shall go to my brother and sisters.

William Everett London (my brother) will have first pick of my clothes—hope he likes my loud style. Baxter Slaughter and Ed Hurst get next choice. All that they can't use shall be given to the poor DIRECTLY from us.

It will be so nice to see my mother, grandmother and grandfather again for it has been such a long time since I have seen them. I don't want anybody to feel sorry for me, death for me will be quick and easy.

Daddy, there has never been a father who has looked after a son more lovingly than you. I love you and will wait for you up above.

Maybe my insurance will help!

Isaac S. London Jr.

"Testimony" was the Right Word.

At first glance, one might think Isaac had used the wrong word in his Will. That he intended "Testament" instead of Testimony. Read this from Atty. Ozmer L. Henry, Lumberton:

"I read little Ike's "Last Will and Testimony" that appeared

in Carl Goerch's "The State" of Feb. 8th with keen interest. No doubt some might think he misspelled the "testimony". That was my reaction when I read the title but not when I had read the document through itself. It was indeed his will and testimony—testimony of love and affection for his family—testimony of an enduring affection for his father, and testimony of an implicit faith and trust in an eternal God. It was truly a testimony that makes us who loved little Ike in life, love and cherish him more in the years that are to come. He was a fine, a courageous lad."

MAJOR HOWARD B. MAYS, BALTIMORE:

"Isaac's death disturbed me very much. I became attached to him during our attempts to bring him through his first illness (1945). All too seldom does one see a boy with such a fine character and one so sincere in all of his actions. As anxious as I was to get out of the Army and back to private practice, he was the one person I was most interested in getting back to normal activity before leaving Ft. Bragg. Obviously, he had excellent medical care at the VA during his subsequent illness. And certainly, as judged by his numerous letters to me, he enjoyed his remaining short span of life to the fullest extent."

REV. HOWARD S. HARTZELL, HIGH POINT:

"Isaac was loved by young and old. He had a wonderful personality; and rest assured that personality survives. It is personality that makes us as individuals; and Isaac had this to a marked degree. The chain that links us to the place of Departed Spirits is not snapped; and I firmly believe in personal identity beyond the grave."

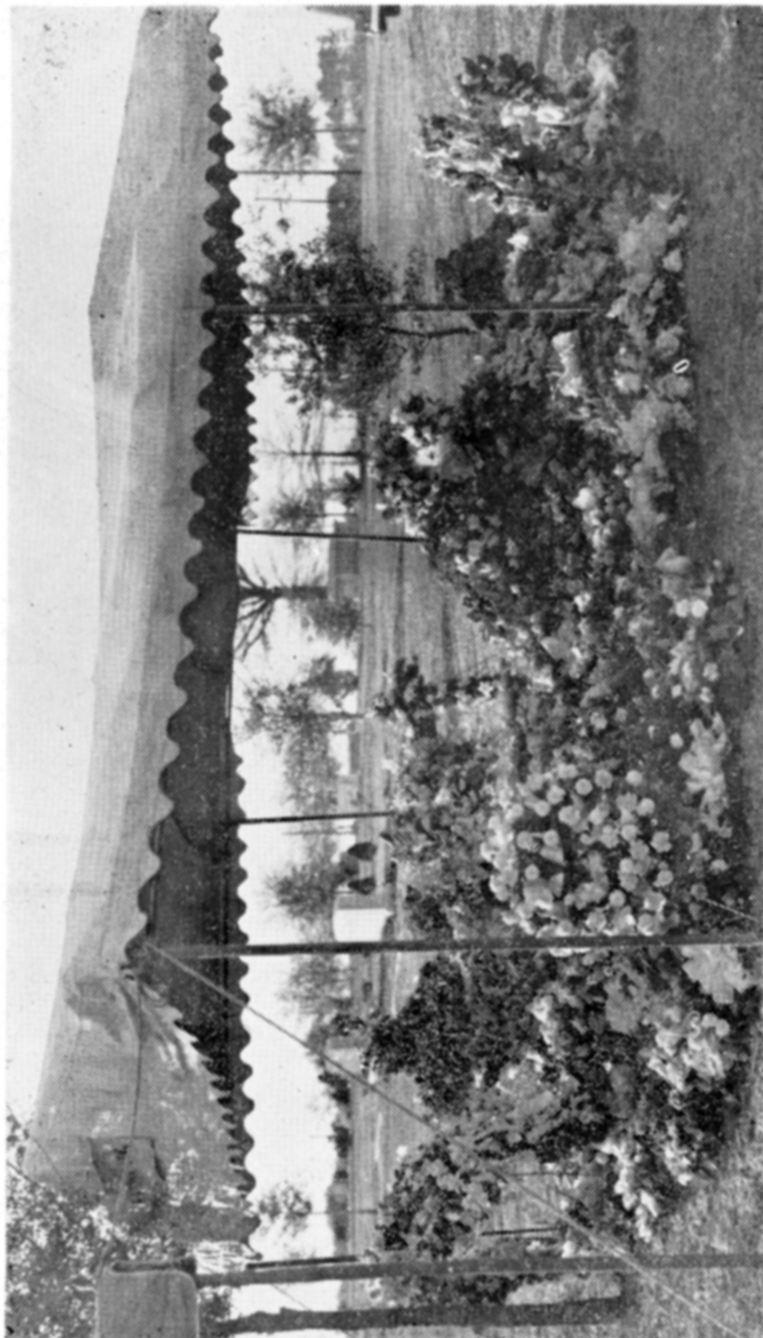
COLORFUL SPORT CLOTHES, and FRIENDLY:

"The Hi-Light," published by the Rockingham High School, has this to say of Ike in its February, 1947, monthly issue: "Truly, Rockingham High School has not felt anything quite so deeply as the death of Ike London Jr. He was graduated here in 1945 from our 12th grade. We all remember Ike's career in football, basketball and baseball. We remember his colorful sport clothes and friendly manner. We shall all miss him."

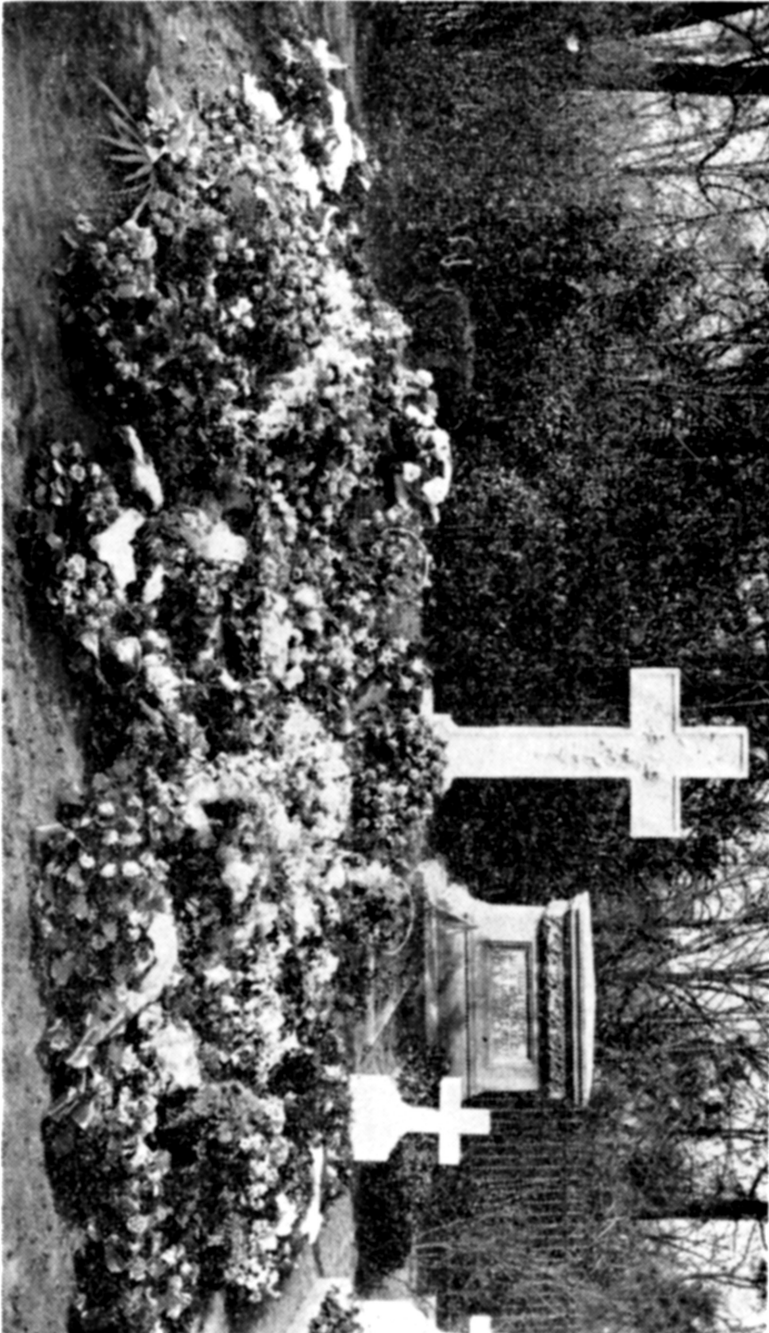
Dr. P. EMERY HUTH, Vets Hospital:

"As a patient, Ike was unselfish and tried, a most understanding and co-operative young man, and it is no wonder that both nurses, orderlies and doctors liked him. He was ever considerate of those trying to help him; his friendliness and gentleness were contagious. No one could help but like this manly young fellow. We all did."

Grave of Isaac Spencer London Jr., at Eastside cemetery, Rockingham. Isaac died Jan. 20th, 1947, in Veterans Hospital, Fayetteville, of Acute Hepatitis. On Jan. 29, 1947, the grave of his own mother was moved from the Everett little cemetery to Eastside beside him. (Block D, Lots 22, 23, Book 4, Page 107).



Flower-covered grave of Mrs. Isaac (Lena) London buried Jan. 10, 1930, in Everett little cemetery. Cross is that of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Everett. Monument at rear that of Capt. W. I. Everett. Lena and infant, Henry Armand, were moved Jan. 29, 1947, to Eastside cemetery beside Isaac Jr.



SKETCH OF ISAAC'S LIFE

Isaac Spencer London Jr.

was born on Thursday, August 5, 1926, at 4:40 a. m. in the London home at corner of Everett and Lawrence streets. He weighed eight pounds, three ounces at birth. Dr. A. C. Everett was the physician, and Miss Estelle Torrence, of Charlotte, the trained nurse.

This notation was made by his mother in his "Baby Book":

"Your Name

Isaac Spencer London Jr.

As you know you were named for your dear daddy—and I think it a fine name. You are the SEVENTH Isaac Spencer in your daddy's family. Live up to it, my dear boy."—L. E. L.

(He did).

He attended Rockingham grammar school, and as a young lad was duly confirmed as a member of the Episcopal Church, as were his parents. He was active in Boy Scouts, and industrious and friendly. His ambition was to be an athlete—and he was. For years he took daily and nightly exercises, perfecting himself physically. And in 1941 he went out for the Rockingham high school football team. He was a dependable heads-up tail-back, weighed 180 and height five feet, eleven inches—a powerful physique; and he could hit the line, or skirt an end with equal ease. He also was a star in baseball, catcher for the school team; and was captain of the school baseball team his last year. Graduated '45.

He stood the Aviation exam at high school Feb. 19, 1944; then the physical exam at Morris Field, Charlotte, Feb. 27, 1944. He was duly sworn in at Charlotte March 8, 1944, with Serial No. 14,148,741 — in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserves. On Jan. 15, 1945, he received notice from Atlanta to report to Ft. Bragg Feb. 9, 1945. He and Fred Patterson (one day older than Isaac) went to Bragg Feb. 9th together, and remained together. On Feb. 16th he was shipped to Keesler Field, Mississippi, arriving there 2 a. m. Feb. 18th. And then for four

weeks and months his active military training developed. At Keesler he qualified as an expert marksman.

On June 24th, 1945, he reached Rockingham on a delayed-enroute transfer to the air station at Harvard, Nebraska, for further training. For several days before leaving Keesler, he had a severe hurting in his side, and fever. By the morning of June 27th he had more fever and pain, so at 10 a. m. I carried him to Camp Mackall, 19 miles northeast of Rockingham to Capt. Reiff. He continued to grow worse, and it was soon evident he had euremia, and on July 6th he was transferred to the hospital at Ft. Bragg, 60

miles from Rockingham. His NPN had risen into the 'Eighties. Major Howard B. Mays medicated him to reduce the euremic condition; finally on July 16th had to operate on his left kidney, and remove a large stone blocking the ureter. Barely six weeks later, on Aug. 28th Major Mays operated on the right kidney, and removed stones. He found the right kidney an infantile one — very small. On Sept. 22nd Isaac weighed only 128.

He was discharged from Ft. Bragg hospital Oct. 27, 1945, and entered the University Nov. 1st, Lewis Dormitory. In spring of 1946 he often had check-ups by Dr. John Rhodes in Raleigh. He spent from July 2nd to 11, 1946, at the Veterans Hospital, Fayetteville, for X-Rays. Dr. Emery Huth there, a noted Urologist, found a small stone. Isaac was sent home and was told to take things easy and wait developments — and this wasn't long coming. He spent from Aug. 11th to 16th at Bayview on the sound in eastern Carolina with Mrs. Hurst, Payne and family; lazily fishing and taking things easy. He returned to Rockingham Aug. 19th, and left Aug. 21st for Blacksburg to visit Crawley Cash. While there he felt rather listless and had some fever—so much so that he came home by bus Tuesday, Aug. 27th, arriving here at 10:30 p. m. Next morning at 6:30 his fever was 103 3-5 so I got Walter King's ambulance and sent him to the VA at Fayetteville within the hour. Next morning, Aug. 29th his NPN was 50, fever high and after staff conference Dr. Huth decided an operation was urgent. Dr. Huth and Dr. Rachlin began operating at 2 p. m.

and he was on the table for two hours, a spinal anaesthetic. Chaplain C. R. Jenkins sat with him during entire operation, and read bible and talked. My wife and I got there just as operation started. When it was completed, Dr. Huth told us that he had done all that could be done—a matter only now with a merciful Lord and the boy's strength. Dr. Huth found left kidney terribly abscessed and he wanted to take the kidney out but could not, because the right kidney is infantile and not large enough to take care of him. He removed a large stone from left kidney. Isaac appeared to rally. But just one week later, at 8 p. m. Sept. 5th, a hemorrhage developed from the abscessed left kidney, and for two hours the bleeding continued before the doctors were able to stop it; Isaac nearly bled to death then. Billy Everett and I hurried to hospital at midnight. For some weeks Isaac gradually regained his strength. Dr. Huth secured some of the new drug from Washington, Streptomycin, and this seemed to help.

Isaac was dismissed from the hospital and came home Oct. 11, 1946.

On Nov. 1st, 1946, Isaac went to New Bern to visit Bettie and Lieut. Baxter Slaughter (was pilot on torpedo bomber in Pacific in war). While at New Bern, Isaac asked my permission to take flying lessons. I wired him, "Glad for you to fly—but don't count on me flying with you." Well, Isaac was thrilled to learn. Baxter proved an expert teacher, and Isaac later in November continued his lessons from Foy Barwick at Rockingham. Early in December he made solo flights to

Chapel Hill, New Bern, Fayetteville, etc.

During all these weeks he felt pretty good, but was careful, with no violent exercise. The night of Dec. 31st he went to the dance at the gym with Bettie and Baxter but stayed only till intermission.

On Jan. 2nd, 1947, he left for Chapel Hill to resume his work at the University—305 Manly Dormitory.

On Jan. 9th he felt ailing, some fever and achey. Next day, Jan. 10th, he had more fever, but took two exams and at 2:30 that afternoon went to the University Infirmary; his fever was 103. He had pains in his side. The next afternoon at 4:15, Dr. Morgan of the Infirmary, phoned me here at Rockingham that Isaac was sick, with fever and some pain. I told Dr. Morgan to send him at once to the VA at Fayetteville in an ambulance, which he did within an hour. Next day I drove to the hospital. Found Isaac yellow seemingly with a case of yellow jaundice. He was laughing and feelin' pretty good. The followin' Thursday, Jan. 16th, Payne, Bettie and I went to see him. He was laughing and joking in bed. Dr. Stande told us that the jaundice ought to be cleared in three weeks, and Isaac could return to Chapel Hill. We left him feeling quite happy that he was getting on so well.

But that was evidently the calm before the storm. For that night he began getting more drowsy, and his hic-cups continued; only stopped by use of mask and CO₂. Next day, Friday, Jan. 17th, the hospital wired me at noon that he was in critical condition. Payne, Bettie and I hurried there (Betty with

her classes at school). We found him in more or less of coma. By this time the doctors pronounced he had acute Hepatitis. I remained with him until the end. Saturday, Jan. 18th, Rev. Bridges came for an hour. That morning X-Rays taken but no stones were found in kidneys, or gall-stones. Coma more deep. He knew me afternoon of Jan. 18th. Hic-cups continued. Sunday Betty, Payne, Bettie, Ed Hurst, Wm. Everett came to hospital. Wm. Everett remained with me there. Next day Monday, Jan. 20th, they all returned, and Baxter who had come from Atlanta. At 2:30 a hemorrhage developed, the toxic condition steadily enveloping him. He had no pain. At 7:20 he died—we in hall outside his door—nurses Dr. Huth and Orderlies with him. I signed permission for an autopsy for next morning—Pathologist from Ft. Bragg. And we all came home. Isaac was brought to Rockingham late next afternoon, and Walter King brought him to the house at 8:30 p. m. Jan. 21st. The funeral was held next afternoon, Jan. 22nd, with first prayer by Mr. Slaughter at 2:40, then to Episcopal church, Rev. Ralph Bridges, and then to Eastside. Many flowers. Jan. 29th we had Lena moved from Everett little cemetery to Eastside beside Isaac. He and I had talked of this in December. She died Jan. 9, 1930, when he was 3½ years old. Lot is 20 by 40 feet for all the family later. Feb. 3rd had O. W. Doster build up the lot, 8 to 10 inches above level of ground, with flowers and shrubbery. Lots look nice.

This 'n That

Isaac enjoyed all kinds of

sports—football, baseball, basketball and archery. He loved to dance—quite proficient jitter-bugger, and was member of the Sans Souci club; and he liked to hunt.

He was a strong specimen of a man—five feet, eleven inches, 185 pounds and his arms, legs and back like whipcord; he always kept in training, and kept himself physically fit — and clean.

I never particularly noticed his fondness for the Bible until the morning of Aug. 27th, 1946, when we sent him to the Veterans Hospital at Fayetteville in an ambulance—the only things he carried was his bible and prayer-book. And when he came home Oct. 11, 1946, from the hospital, his chief and only reading was the Bible and prayer-book — not occasionally, but constantly at night, and this continued until his death. He left Chapel Hill Infirmary Jan. 11th so hurriedly that he could not get his Bible, but as soon as he got to the Veterans Hospital, he secured from Chaplain Jenkins a little blue pocket-size "The Gospel of St. Luke," and the page was turned down at the sixth chapter—his last reading when he just couldn't read any more; in fact.

on Jan. 16th Nurse Rachel Austin dropped in and read his mail to him. If he had lived, I just wonder what his future course would have been? In November, 1946, at New Bern he talked very freely with Mrs. Slaughter; writes she, "his reverence and his spirituality impressed me deeply."

Friendliness and kindness and politeness — three traits ever with him. For many years he had the warmest friendship for the late Mrs. George Steele and for his great and good Mrs. A. McCullen (who will be 86 this Oct. 3rd). And every Sunday he visited Mrs. McCullen — an attachment that grew with the years—she a sort of mother to him.

It is hard to realize that this vigorous, capable young man, who loved life so well, has left us forever. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, comes Death.

Much could be written.

But, really, his young life speaks for itself.

He is secure in the affectionate memories of many friends and loving kindred.

In the warmth and clarity of the LIGHT he lived, and in its glory he died!

In Thy Gracious Keeping

Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE"

(As written by Isaac S. London Jr., in Spring of 1944, aged 17, as a theme in his 11th grade English in Rockingham high school, Miss Kate Finley, principal, his teacher).

My life has been a happy one. There have been only a few tragic moments in my whole life.

When I was about three years old my Mother died and left my father to look after our family of four. I have two sisters and one brother. Daddy did a wonderful job of it too. No mother could have looked after us any better than my father did. Yes, in my opinion he is a great man.

I can remember several things about my mother. One of the most outstanding of these was one day I did something very bad and she was going to spank me. She got a switch, took me into the bath room and

was just about to switch me when something happened and she told me to go on out and play. I have often wondered why she did not go through with her plan. I think it was that she was such a wonderful woman.

I can remember when I was



Isaac Jr. in football
togs fall of 1944.
5.11 Feet, 180 Lbs.



Holding up his "catch"—a fish an inch long, while on week's outing at Bayview in August, 1946, with Mrs. Hurst, Mary Harriett, Payne and children.

He was 5 feet, 11 inches, 185 pounds—a powerful physique. The above was snapped just 5 months before he died.

just a little tot and would swing on a pipe under the sink in the kitchen. Mother would always run me away and tell me not to do it again. (Isaac Jr. was nearly 3½ when his mother died).

When I was young I had a good time always. A gang of us boys lived in the same neighborhood and played together all the time. I remember that I was the leader of the gang and, boy, did we have a time. We had rock fights and everything else to get hurt, but we never did.

The first four years of my life was spent in my back yard mostly and boy, did I have it fixed up? I had tree-houses and tunnels all along the back yard.

I can remember a long time ago when I was about five years old I was exploring my Grandmother's house and I found a gun in a drawer, so naturally I took it up to see if it was loaded and if it was, so much the better for me. I found that it was not and then I began to mess with it. I took it in to show Grandmother what I had found and when I did she tried to take it away from me so I ran over to my house and into one of my dug-outs. She came as fast as she could behind me and all the time calling for our cook. When they found out where I was it was too late for I had the door locked and no one could get inside. Our cook (Aunt Pat) told me to come out or that she would call my father. I finally consented and came out and surrendered to her, but only to escape into

another tree before she could get the gun away from me. This time she called my father and he came at once. When I saw him coming up the street I immediately came down from the tree and went up to him showing him what I had found. He took me into the house and made me give up guns forever and I do mean MADE me.

When I was in the first grade I was the proudest thing you ever saw. But when I went to the second grade I was kept out most of the year for measles which I never had until 1943. That alone gave me a great push back for all of my friends had gone and left me. I soon overcame that feeling though. I can remember that in the first grade we had a train made of wood and we would play with it every spare moment that we had.

When I was about fourteen my Grandmother died and left me with my father to look after me. My Grandmother was one of the best mothers in the world. She looked after me to every extent and then some. She always told me to come to her at any time if I wanted something and she would get it if it was humanly possible.

My father is now a very important man in Rockingham, for he is on the draft board and about seven other boards in our town. I take my hat off to you Mr. London, and to all like you. And to you Miss Finley, I take my hat off with the greatest of ease for you have done a wonderful job for us this year. Thanks for everything.

— Isaac Jr.

ISAAC SPENCER LONDON

born at Pittsboro December 11, 1885.

Married to Lena Everett Nov. 16, 1915.

(She died Jan. 9, 1930. He married 11 years later

Betty Thomasson on Dec. 20, 1941). HE SON OF

Henry Armand London born March 1, 1846, died Jan. 19, 1918
and Bettie Louise Jackson born April 24, 1853, died July 2, 1930
married June 22, 1875.

H. A. London's father was Henry Adolphus London born April 9, 1809, died Nov. 27, 1883, and Sally Margaret Lord born March 17, 1814, died Nov. 3, 1857, married Feb. 29, 1832. Henry Adolphus London was son of John London, born Oct. 23, 1747, in England, died March 16, 1816, and who was Private Secretary to Governor William Tryon in 1768 and 1769.

Mrs. H. A. London was Bettie Louise Jackson, daughter of Joseph John Jackson born March 22, 1817, died Dec. 7, 1902, and Lucy Jane Worth born July 24, 1828, died Jan. 1, 1909, and married Nov. 27, 1849. Joseph John Jackson was son of Samuel Spencer Jackson, born March 10, 1789, died Dec. 14, 1856, and married March 18, 1813, to Elizabeth Kinchen Alston, born Oct. 19, 1793, and died Nov. 14, 1874. Lucy Jane Worth Jackson was daughter of Governor Jonathan Worth (1865-'68) born Nov. 18, 1802, and died Sept. 6, 1869, and married Oct. 20, 1824, to Martitia Daniel, born Oct. 21, 1806, died May 4, 1874, daughter of John and Lucy Murphey Daniel. (A sister of Mrs. Henry A. London is Miss Carrie Martitia Jackson born Jan. 19, 1856, and living with my sister Mrs. Fred Jerome (Camelia) at Pittsboro, and now (in 1947) in her 92nd year).

It is interesting to note that three Jackson brothers married three Worth sisters—a triple affair. Joseph John Jackson married Lucy Jane Worth; Samuel Spencer Jackson married Elvira Evelina Worth; Hamilton Calhoun Jackson married Sarah Corinna Worth.

The father of Samuel Spencer Jackson was Isaac Jackson who was born March 10, 1762, died June 13, 1831, and married in June, 1782, to Mary Spencer of Anson county, daughter of Judge Samuel Spencer who died in Anson county in August, 1794, from erysipelas caused by the peck of a turkey gobbler.

And this is where Isaac Spencer London Sr. gets his name—from his maternal great, great grandfather ISAAC Jackson, and his great grandfather Samuel SPENCER Jackson—the combined Isaac and Spencer. But particularly Isaac Spencer London Sr. was named for his mother's uncle, Dr. Isaac Jackson who was born Dec. 6, 1826, and died at Whiteville September 3, 1910. (the first Isaac Spencer was born Jan. 8, 1678, in East Haddam, Conn., and died Feb. 10, 1751, married Oct. 2, 1710 Mary Selden). Of interest is that my mother's grandfather, Samuel Spencer Jackson, was Lay Reader and Vestryman in St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church at Pittsboro, the contract for which was let Oct. 15, 1831, for \$1120.12, and church was dedicated June 9, 1833; he was confirmed by Bishop Ives July 17, 1835; and my father's father, Henry Adolphus London was Senior Warden, and Lay Reader for this church for many years; he was confirmed June 9, 1838.

Brothers and Sisters of I. S. London Sr.

Lucy Worth London, born April 15, 1877,

married to John Huske Anderson Dec. 20, 1898.

He was born Dec. 20, 1868. Their children:

Lucy London Anderson born Sept. 24, 1901, and married to

Thomas M. Wooten June 9, 1921 (3 children).

John Huske Anderson Jr. born Dec. 28, 1907, and
married to Ann Snow Thigpen June 22, 1935 (1 child).

Henry London Anderson born Jan. 13, 1911, and
married to Dorothy Lillian Clarke July 11, 1941, (2c).

Henry Mauger London, b 4-11-1879, d 12-30-1939.

Married Mary Elliott at Linden Nov. 25, 1908; she
born Jan. 12, 1888. Their children (2) are:

Henry Mauger London Jr., born Jan. 31, 1910.

George Elliott London born Aug. 19, 1912, married
Mary Frances Pendleton Oct. 24, 1936.

Sallie Lord London, born Jan. 10, 1881,

married to John Henry Fell of Trenton, Nov. 23, 1904;

he born Sept. 5, 1878. Their children (4) are:

Bettie Jackson Fell born Aug. 29, 1905, married on May 1, 1931,
to Henry Galt Siegrist. (4 children).

The Rev. Henry Ridgway Fell, born Oct. 3, 1908, married on
Feb. 3, 1936 to Alice Hamilton Topping.

Armand London Fell born Aug. 14, 1912, married on Jan. 19, 1939
to Marjorie Haverstick (1 child).

Sallie London Fell born June 24, 1918, married June 3, 1942,
to Gordon Dix Griffin (1 child).

John Jackson London, born Jan. 6, 1883,

(Captain U. S. Navy).

married Genevieve Scully April 26, 1930.

Isaac Spencer London Sr. born Dec. 11, 1885,

(for his marriage and children see pages 28 & 32).

Bettie (Betsey) Louise London, born May 10, 1888,

married James Henry Cordon Dec. 7, 1911; he born
Sept. 29, 1888, died Nov. 15, 1929. Children (2):

James Telfair Cordon born Dec. 1, 1913, married to
Matilda Lambe Ehringhaus Jan. 2, 1943; son Jimmie.

Betsey London Cordon, born Sept. 29, 1925.

Julian Worth London, b Sept. 24, 1890, d Nov. 30, 1890.

Camelia Rutherford London, born Feb. 7, 1896,

married to Fred Duncan Jerome Oct. 5, 1922; he born
April 27, 1893. Three sons born to them:

Fred Duncan Jerome Jr., born June 5, 1924.

John London Jerome, twin, 7:55 a. m. Aug. 19, 1926

Henry London Jerome, twin, 8:00 a. m. Aug. 19, 1926.

LENA PAYNE EVERETT LONDON

born August 10, 1891, died January 9, 1930

Married to Isaac S. London Nov. 16, 1915.

She daughter of

William Nash Everett born Dec. 29, 1864, died Feb. 7, 1928, and of Lena Payne born in Norfolk Aug. 8, 1868, died Dec. 28, 1940 — and married Dec. 18, 1888. W. N. Everett was Secretary of State from Jan. 16, 1923, until his death Feb. 7, 1928.

W. N. Everett's father was Capt. William Isaac Everett, born Jan. 8, 1835, died Dec. 17, 1911, and Frances LeGrand born February 8, 1840, died Oct. 3, 1906. W. I. Everett and Frances LeGrand were married July 15, 1863. Capt. W. I. Everett was son of Calvin A. and Ann Ewing Everett; he was graduated from the University as an Engineer; entered the Confederacy in '61 with the Pee Dee Guards, and was made Regt. Quartermaster. In 1863 he was detached by Gen. Lee to complete the survey and building of the railroad from Navassa to Old Hundred (Wilmington to Charlotte). He served in the State Senate and was father of good roads in Richmond county.

Mrs. W. N. Everett was daughter of Walter Thweatt Payne born Sept. 26, 1847 in Petersburg, died June 7, 1913; and of Susan Edmonia Minetree born Aug. 8, 1849 in Petersburg, died Nov. 17, 1922—Walter and Susan married in Petersburg Oct. 22, 1867.

Brothers—Sisters of Lena Everett London

The following children born to Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Everett, parents of Lena Payne Everett London:

William Nash Everett Jr. born March 9, 1890,

married to Caroline Ashe Lockhart at Wadesboro Nov. 15, 1916; she born Aug. 12, 1893; they have two children; and two grandchildren;

W. N. Everett 3rd, born Sept. 1, 1917, married to Frances Keel Dec. 25, 1942, and they have two sons James Lockhart and Henry Keel.

Margaret McLendon (Margie) Everett born July 23, 1928.

Lena Payne Everett, born Aug. 10, 1891

(died Jan. 9, 1930; other data see page 32).

Susie Minetree Everett, born Feb. 22, 1893,

died June 18, 1911, wife of Carl W. Smith.

Frances LeGrand Everett, b 11-17-1894, d 11-3-1904.

Walter Payne Everett, born 3-18-1898, d 2-17-1906.

Dorothy Everett, born Nov. 2, 1899, died May 18, 1901.

(Continued on page 31, Mary Louise).

(from page 30)

Mary Louise Everett, born May 29, 1903,
married to Thomas Bernard Wright at Raleigh Oct. 21, 1925;
he born Sept. 16, 1900; they have two sons:
T. Bernard Wright Jr., born Jan. 11, 1927, and
Clem Gillespie Wright, born Nov. 10, 1929.



London family group 1930

Isaac S. London in center (Lena died Jan. 9, 1930).

In lap is Isaac Jr. In front is Bettie; rear are
Payne and William Everett.

Isaac and Lena Everett London Children:

William Everett London, born 4:15 p. m. Sept. 16, 1916.

Isaac Spencer London Jr. Aug. 5, 1926, 4:40 a. m. (d 1-20-'47)

Bettie Louise London, born Dec. 3, 1923, 8 p. m.

Isaac Spencer London, born Aug. 5, 1926, 4:40 a. m. (d 1-20-'47).

Henry Armand London, born and died Jan. 8, 1930, infant.

(The mother of the above five children died of pneumonia at 3 p. m. Jan. 9, 1930; the infant Henry Armand lived but two or three minutes).

WILLIAM EVERETT LONDON

born Sept. 16, 1916, married Dorothy Adeline York of Raleigh May 6, 1939. Dorothy born May 7, 1918, daughter of Fredrick Earl York, born March 4, 1892, and Mary Adeline Horton, born Oct. 1, 1892, and married April 8, 1914.

Born to William Everett and Dorothy:

Barbara York London born Feb. 11, 1941.

William E. (Everett) London Jr. born Aug. 31, 1943.

LENA PAYNE LONDON HURST

born April 11, 1919, married Edwin William Hurst Jr., Nov. 30, 1939. Ed born Jan. 29, 1917, son of Rev. Edwin W. Hurst, born June 26, 1891, and Daisy Pendergrass Stackley of Florence, born Aug. 22, 1894, married April 11, 1917.

Born to Ed and Payne London Hurst:

Edwin W. Hurst 3rd (Eddie) born Feb. 13, 1942.

Payne London Hurst (Paynie) born Oct. 17, 1945.

BETTIE LOUISE LONDON SLAUGHTER

born Dec. 3, 1923, married Lieut. Baxter Boone Slaughter Jr. April 2, 1944. Baxter born Aug. 30, 1921, son of Rev. Baxter B. Slaughter, Person county, born March 21, and of Elma Grimes Slaughter, Murfreesboro, born Feb. 28—married 3-14-1916.

Born to Baxter and Bettie London Slaughter:

Baxter Boone Slaughter 3rd, March 14, 1946.

Isaac S. London's Second Marriage

Isaac S. London Sr.'s first wife was Lena Everett London, died Jan. 9, 1930. On Dec. 20, 1941, he was married again to Betty Marchant Thomasson of Danville; she born Aug. 16, 1912, daughter of G. F. and Julia Brewer Thomasson. Mrs. Thomasson was born May 11, 1874, daughter of Prof. John Bruce Brewer who was born Aug. 26, 1846, died June 20, 1929, and Ann Elizabeth Joyner, born Oct. 22, 1849, died Feb. 9, 1926.

**WILLIAM NASH EVERETT**

Secretary of State
 Jan. 16, 1923-Feb. 7, 1928
 Born Dec. 29, 1864, died
 Feb. 7, 1928. Married
 Lena Payne Dec. 18, 1888.

**MRS. W. N. EVERETT**

born Norfolk Aug. 8, 1868,
 died Dec. 28, 1940, married
 to W. N. Everett 12-18-1888.
 Seven children born to this
 union. Two surviving 1947.

**PAYNE and ISAAC**

Payne trying to efface herself
 while getting Isaac's picture
 made. He about 3. Payne
 was the oldest girl in the fam-
 ily, and "sorter" mothered
 Bettie and Isaac Jr., after their
 mother died Jan. 9, 1930.



ISAAC S. LONDON Sr.
 at age of 61 1-2.
 Picture made May 28, 1947



MAJOR HENRY ARMAND LONDON

of Pittsboro, born March 1, 1846, died Jan. 19, 1918.

Married Bettie Louise Jackson June 22, 1875. Eight children born to this union—six living in 1947.

Entered C. S. A. Dec. 1864, at age of 18 years, and was with General Bryan Grimes at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

Two terms in State Senate 1900 to 1904. Lawyer, editor Chatham Record from Sept. 19, 1878, to his death Jan. 19, 1918. Vestryman and Treasurer of Episcopal Church at Pittsboro from 1868 to his death Jan. 19, 1918.



MRS. HENRY ARMAND LONDON

of Pittsboro, born April 24, 1853, died July 2, 1930,
former Bettie Louise Jackson. married June 22, 1875.
Grandmother of young Ike London Jr., died 1-20-1947.

She was a former President of the State U. D. C.

“ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, in whose hands are the living and the dead; We give thee thanks for this thy servant. Grant to him thy mercy and the light of thy presence, that the good work which thou hast begun in him may be perfected; through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord. Amen.”

CEMETERY LOTS AT EASTSIDE

And Memorials of Winnsboro Granite.

The following information about our cemetery lots may be of interest to our present folks, and probably to you who may read this many years hence; again indulging in my propensity for being "factual".—I. S. L. (June, 1947).

The "LONDON" plot is on the flat area between Old and New Eastside cemeteries, half a mile east of Rockingham. There are two lots each 20x20 feet, making a space 20x40 feet for 16 graves. The Lots are 22 and 23, Block D, recorded in office of Register of Deeds in Book 4, at Page 107. \$150 bought from the Town Jan. 21, 1947. The lots are 20 feet east to west, and 40 feet north to south. A 20-foot drive way parallels the 40-foot length.

Isaac Jr. was buried there Jan. 22, 1947. Had his mother, Lena, moved from the Everett little cemetery on LeGrand street, to Eastside beside him on Jan. 29th. On Jan. 31st had O. W. Doster haul compost and dirt and built the lots to height of ten inches, and grass seed sown. There are two small water oaks at the northwest and southwest corners.

On Feb. 17th had Mrs. Anna Lea Harris to set out three Camellias (Japonicas) in the northeast corner and three in the southeast corner—Rose Emery, Jarvis Red and Tri-color.

On April 10, 1947, had Hillside Florists plant Thrift on both graves; and Bermuda grass sown.

On June 8, 1947, Mr. Doster placed 4-inch wide, 8-inch depth granite coping around entire lots (really 22 feet by 40 ft).

On March 10th O. W. Doster erected a Memorial for me, of Winnsboro granite. This granite monument is 3 2-3 feet long, 3 feet high, and 8 inches thick. It rests on a base 15 inches across and 5.2 feet long. The monument is plain, with no carving or do-dads, and in five-inch letters the word

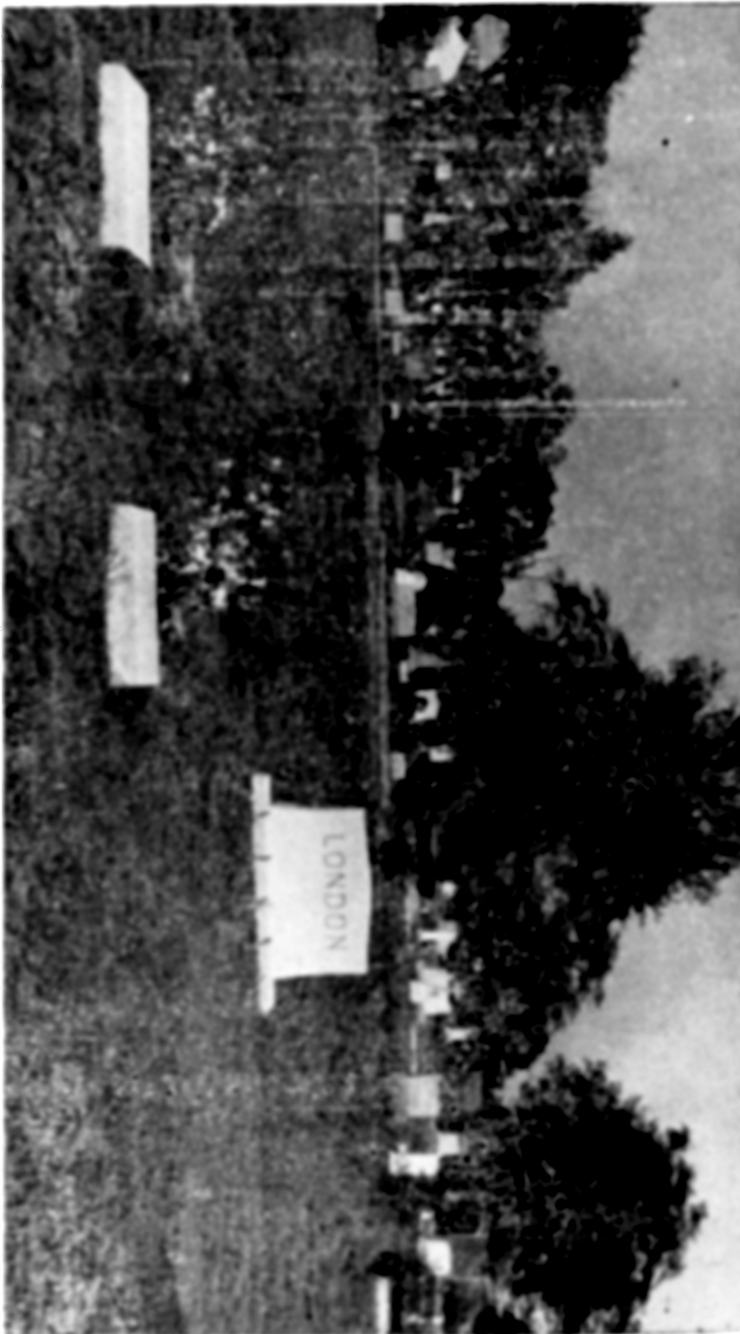
L O N D O N

At the head of each grave are granite head-pieces about 8 inches above the ground, reading as follows:

Lena Payne Everett
wife of
Isaac Spencer London
Aug. 10, 1891. Jan. 9, 1930
Henry Armand London, their son
January 8, 1930

Isaac Spencer London Jr.
son of
Isaac and Lena Everett London
Aug. 5, 1926. Jan. 20, 1947
U. S. A. Army
244th AAF BU 1945

View of LONDON plot in Eastside cemetery at Rockingham. Picture made in April, 1947.





Isaac Spencer London Jr.

Aug. 5, 1926

Jan. 20, 1947

Picture made Jan. 3, 1947, 17 days before he died in Veterans Hospital at Fayetteville of Acute Hepatitis.

This picture was made at Chapel Hill about Jan. 3, 1947—just 17 days before he died. He had entered the University on Jan. 2nd. Along with the other students, a snap-shot was made of him next day, for his University identification card. The snap-shot was just an inch square. President Frank Graham sent the negative to me in March, 1947, and Smith's studio developed this large picture from the tiny negative — a pretty good job of it. At the time the picture was made, Isaac was 5.11 feet tall, weight 185 pounds—a fine specimen of young manhood—and just 17 days later Death claimed him.

A Tribute from Congressman C. B. Deane

Washington, March 29, 1947

Dear Ike:

One might think this would be a difficult letter to write. Yet it isn't. Those of us who have been close to you and that fine son, Isaac, knew that he was fighting a losing battle. In a way we were prepared for the sad news, yet as I read the telegram first from Agnes, then yours, advising that he had slipped away, I closed the door to my office and sat alone with my thoughts.

Thoughts of long ago—when Isaac as a tenderfoot Scout began Scouting. He is the first Boy Scout to go of that fine group of boys with whom I worked. I thought of Isaac and each of the other boys, who have met every test, especially during the recent war. They were represented on practically every field of battle, on the land, on and under the sea, and in the air. They acquitted themselves like men. Even though many of them are married, I still think of them as boys, my boys, if I may say so.

Isaac was a true Scout in every respect. He responded to leadership that challenged everyone. His dependability, faithfulness and strict honesty brought great satisfaction to his leader. No task too hard for Isaac. His venturesome spirit and determined purpose brought rapid advancement. This spirit carried over into his school work, on the football field, and his early entry into the Service of his Country and before he was called.

Yes, he will be missed, and we sorrow greatly, but knowing his disposition, his faith, his kindness and goodness, he would urge us to brush away the tears and with that perpetual and friendly smile beckon us as good Scouts to follow the trail he has taken.

His Scoutmaster, and most sincerely

C. B. Deane.

Judge F. Don Phillips, in Germany March 13, 1947, writes:

"Ike was so carefree and cheerful. . . . a personality that brightened all . . . a fine young man of real promise."

In April, 1947, the 153 students of the tenth grade of Rockingham high school presented to the school a new U. S. Flag, in memory of Isaac Jr. This Flag was duly hoisted to the top of the flag-pole with exercises at 9:15 a. m. April 18, 1947, the entire school of 815 enrollment, taking part and marching to the circle, led by the school band.

(And, incidentally, I am quite sure Isaac would have been truly proud could he know that his father on May 8, 1947, was made Chairman the Rockingham School Board—a school to which the boy was so loyal and proud.—ISL).

How Carl Goerch Views the Rockingham Post-Dispatch In His May 17, 1947, Issue

The following story on the writer and his paper was printed in Carl Goerch's "The State" at Raleigh May 17, 1947, and was written by Robert W. Shaw. The boners or linotype errors Carl lists really never occurred in the Post-Dispatch, but they make up a "good story" and serve to accentuate the individualistic make-up of the Post-Dispatch. And so with no apologies, here is his story, caption and all:

Ike's Newspaper

POST-DISPATCH VIOLATES THE RULES OF
JOURNALISM BUT THE READERS LIKE THE
PAPER AND ITS EDITOR IMMENSELY.

ISAAC S. LONDON is proprietor, editor and publisher of the Rockingham Post-Dispatch, a weekly paper of seven columns width and twelve pages which he has been running for nearly 30 years—since Dec. 6, 1917 (and The SILER CITY FRIT for nine years before that — April, 1909, to Dec. 1, 1917). Ike has probably the most incomplete make-up or format of any paper in North Carolina — from a JOURNALISTIC standpoint, that is.

As everyone knows, there are certain set rules which the operator of a newspaper has to follow. In the first place, it is practically mandatory that he be a graduate of the journalism department of some college. He must know newspaper "style" when it comes to writing. Naturally, he must put the most important news stories in the most prominent position, he must classify the news, and there are a number of other regulations to follow in connection with make-up.

All of these rules are cheerfully violated by the Post-Dispatch every week. As a matter of fact, IKE runs his paper without the slightest regard for rules.

NO FANCY HEADLINES

There are no fancy headlines: just a word or two to give the reader a hint of what is to come. Moving-picture theater ads appear on the front page. If somebody has paid for a classified ad, offering a cow for sale, that's liable to appear on the front page also. It all depends upon whether the type fits nicely or not. If there are 12 pages in this week's edition of the Post-Dispatch, society news and sports news are liable to appear on any one of the 12 pages. An account of Mrs. Upjohn's reception is just as apt as not to be followed by an item announcing that Joe Waterby's cow gave birth to twin calves last Wednesday. Sometimes it happens that the items get slightly mixed, so that they appear in print as follows:

"Mrs. Upjohn was hostess at a beautiful reception last Monday evening. She gave birth to the twin calves early

in the morning, and Joe is highly pleased because of this unusual event."

Scores of persons who have birthdays during the following week are mentioned in the current issue of the Post-Dispatch—that is, if Mr. London can possibly find out about them. The jovial editor—with a keen sense of humor and tremendous vitality—writes every word that appears in his paper. He pecks out the copy on his typewriter and never reads a words of it to check for mistakes. That is why you'll find items like this occasionally:

"Mrs. Jones had on a punk dress and looked lovely in it."

"The local P.-T.A. meeting last Wednesday was held at Mrs. Harrison's home."

"Pete Walker, employee of the Carolina Power & Light Company, was badly shocked Tuesday as the result of coming in contact with a live wife."

Exudes Friendliness

The Post-Dispatch exudes the friendliness of its editor. There is no room for high-falutin' words and phrases, and if a little editorializing and a few personal views get into the news columns occasionally, that is all right, too.

Mr. London sounds off to his heart's content in his editorial column, entitled: "Glimpses — On the Cuff." In it he doesn't try to solve the world's weighty problems, but leaves that job for the bigger newspapers. So far as the Post-Dispatch is concerned, the proposed installation of a new street-light is of much greater news value than a rowdy session of the United Council.

Then, too, Mr. London has a habit of imparting a little extra information in his news items. For instance, if Louise Culpepper had left town for a visit with relatives, the average paper probably would carry an item like this:

"Miss Louise Culpepper left Rockingham Sunday to spend the summer with her aunt, Cleopatra Hicks, at Tip Top, Virginia."

How Ike Runs it

But when Ike sets out to report that event, it appears in his paper like this:

"Lively and sprightly Louise Culpepper left Rockingham Sunday to spend the summer with her aunt, Cleopatra Hicks, at Tip Top, Virginia, a town that is 2,728 feet above sea level. Rockingham is 225 feet above sea level at the Seaboard Depot. But by the way, we have always wondered whether there is any truth to that story about the original Cleopatra committing suicide by letting herself get bitten by an ass. Anyway, we hope that Louise has a good time and that she will have some interesting things to tell us when she gets back home."

If a man has a nickname and is generally known by that nickname, you may rest assured that it'll be tacked onto him when his name appears in print. Such as:

"Buck Johnson, from Route 1, was in town Saturday.



Buck told us his youngest son, Toadface, had just recovered from a case of measles."

"Stinky Whittaker, of Ellerbe, was in Rockingham Tuesday on a business visit.

"Fatty Sanderlin, of Route 4, came to Rockingham Wednesday and had a tooth pulled. When we saw Fatty on Main Street, he was still spitting freely."

If some professor of journalism wanted a horrible example of what a newspaper should not be, he probably would latch onto a copy of the Post-Dispatch immediately and display it before his class. In every issue he undoubtedly would be able to find at least a score of set rules that had been violated or ignored completely. And he un-

doubtedly could spend an entire morning session pointing these out to his students.

The thing he probably would overlook, however, is the fact that the Post-Dispatch is one of the friendliest, most cheerful papers in the state; that Mr. London knows practically all of his subscribers, and they know him; that they regard his paper as a weekly visit from him personally, and that they appreciate his interest in their affairs.

When you talk to a friend, you don't pay attention to all the rules of grammar or rhetoric: you talk to him naturally. That's what IKE does every week: he talks to his friends through the columns of his paper. The Post-Dispatch is Ike London, and Ike London is the Post-Dispatch. They have been synonymous for 38 years.

A Closing Word in Copied Verse

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives
When the thrushes call.

There's nothing there to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all;
Death is only a quiet door
In a garden wall!

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore;
And in bright heaven's crown
They shine forever more!

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in my Father's mansion,
LIVING in another Room.

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That Ike is dead! He is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an Unknown Land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since HE lingers there.
And you — O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the Love of There as the love of here;
Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead — he is just away!"

A FINAL WORD:

This last page and the two blank pages of the cover are intended to be used as a Family Record. It is my hope that the names and data of additional grandchildren, and the names of their descendants, or of other members of our families, may be written hereon as a PERMANENT Family Record.

I have prepared this 44-page booklet (and 4-page cover) entirely with the idea of INFORMATION for our descendants. Here's hoping it will be of value and be informative to you all in the many years far hence!—Isaac S. London, Rockingham, N. C., June, 1947.

Memoranda: